

Since many of the items lack a specific page number, the page number displayed online refers to the sequentially created number each item was given upon cataloging the materials.

131

these lists; yet both will seed themselves, and all flowers that do this may be safely planted in the fall. My verbenas last year were all from self-sown seed, and they were never more varied and beautiful. There was a good assortment of the verbena colors, with fine, large trusses of bloom, and they were delightfully fragrant besides. They are not constant, however, and new seed should be procured frequently from some reliable florist, and this should be started in the hot-bed, for florists' seed is often several years old, and will not always germinate readily. It is a good plan to have verbenas succeed hardy bulbs; treated in this way they are very little trouble, and there is no hurry about getting them into bloom, if one has even a small collection of good perennials. They come along in time to take the place of the Sweet Williams, columbines, pinks, lilies, and June roses. Yonder in the grassplot are three circular beds that have sown themselves for several years in succession. One is a bed of Drummond phlox; one contains petunias, and the other verbenas. They are always covered in the fall with their own growths, and sometimes leaves are added. Early in the spring the covering is removed, and a dressing of leaf-mold from the woods is applied; then they are protected by light brush and left to sun and shower.

When the seedlings come up they will generally require thinning and a little arrangement, as they will not be always evenly distributed over the beds. Borders of white candytuft are very pretty for beds set in the green grass; but it must not be sown too soon, as it blooms early and does not last long. These beds require renovating once in three or four years. I dug up one of mine this spring, and the excavation we made was so considerable, that it attracted general observation. Opinions were divided on the subject. One neighbor feelingly inquired if we were digging a grave. Some thought we must be going to build a cave or an icehouse; another suggested a grasshopper-trap; but that it was nothing but a posy-bed nobody would believe.

To Polish Wood.

GIVE it to a regular furniture polisher. This is the best way, and the one most likely to give entire satisfaction.

If you wish to undertake the polishing yourself, you will need the following articles: a great deal of patience; a steady hand; some sweet oil; some old linen; a little cotton wool; alcohol; sand-paper; and a little shellac (dark or light, according to your wood) dissolved in alcohol.

I am aware that this last item is rather vaguely defined, but how can I help it? It is impossible to tell the exact proportions of the ingredients in some mixtures. There are "gems" for instance—not precious stones, but the bread known under that name.

My cook asks me how to make them, and I tell her to stir into a pint of milk, flour enough to make a thin batter, such as would be suitable for griddle cakes; and to have her molds hot when she pours it in. Away she goes and does it, and such blotchy, flabby, heavy things as come out of those molds! She says she did not know when the batter was right. Why, it is the simplest thing! I never have the least trouble with them. I stir the flour into the milk until it is thick enough; I know the exact moment. I pour that batter into the molds, and the lightest and most delicate cakes are turned out of them. You can almost blow them away with a puff of your breath. My cook looks on with astonished eyes, and declares she did just as I told her, and just as I did. But, of course, she did not.

The best plan is to make the shellac tolerably thick, and try it on some refuse wood. If too thick, thin it until it is right.

Happily, the other directions are quite plain, and not to be misunderstood. Make a dabber of the cotton wool, cover it with linen, and tie this firmly. Wet it with the shellac, drop on it a drop of sweet oil, and rub it on the wood with a quick, even pressure, in circles, all over the surface. Be sure to distribute the polish evenly and quickly, and to give the same amount of rubbing to every part. Continue this wetting and rubbing until the wood begins to reflect. Then you had better stop, to give time for the wood to absorb the polish. The next day you must repeat the process, and the next, and the next, and so on until you are satisfied.

When the polish is sufficiently bright for your fancy, or your back aches too much to continue your work, you must make a fresh dabber, dampen it slightly with alcohol, and rub it softly and evenly over the wood. This will bring out the polish, and "fix" it. But you cannot put on any more polish after using the alcohol.

Magazine Burning.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 21, 1875.

Editor Scribner's Monthly: I have thought somewhat of the uses to which your magazine might be put as the numbers accumulated and remained, good as new, about the house. They had proved such a source of satisfaction, pleasure and instruction to father, mother, two daughters, and four sons, including the writer, the oldest child, to say nothing of our guests, that it was suggested to my mind that something ought to be done with the copies we had. So your advice to "burn" the old numbers was only needed to set me to work. I gathered together twelve consecutive issues, taking pains to mark what you said under "Burn your Magazines" in one of them, and then set them afire; that is, I gave them to a young laboring man to show his wife and children, all of whom, he assures me, enjoyed the reading and illustrations hugely. After they had consumed the magazines they turned them over to a neighbor, who followed suit. These copies have now passed through ten families, and been read by about seventy people, and are amazingly well preserved, considering the burning they have had. Very truly yours,

GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Caton's "Summer in Norway." *

MR. CATON is not our ideal traveler, but he possesses some of those qualities which an ideal traveler could least of all afford to dispense with. He is an excellent observer, and his interest in the scenes he describes is singularly sincere and unaffected. His practical intelligence, unobscured by learned prejudice, acts as an excellent reflector, representing the objects as they are, with the faintest imaginable tinge of individual coloring. A book of travel of this description is, naturally enough, not quite so entertaining as it would have been if the author had dispensed his colors with a more lavish brush; but where the Horatian utile dulci is beyond realization, we would far rather renounce the superficial æsthetic pleasures of reading, if, as in the present case, we are to gain in exchange this supreme confidence in the author's strict adherence to fact. And we appreciate this feature the more, because Norway has actually suffered so much in the past from the exaggerations and misstatements of hasty travelers, that it is well if we may now at last acquire some reliable knowledge concerning the national character, and the industries and institutions of the country.

Some thirty or forty years ago Harriet Martineau, probably with the very best intention, wrote her "Feats on the Fjord," in which she handled the legends and traditions of the Norwegians with a poetic nonchalance which did more honor to her imagination than to her truthfulness; for even legends have their laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. The Norwegian peasants were by her represented as a chatty, nimble, and sentimental race, demonstrative in their emotions, and with choicely polished phrases always on their tongues' ends. Since then English sportsmen have annually made their début in literature by fantastically inaccurate extracts from the Norse Sagas, intermingled with strange popular legends and personal adventures, until at length it has become well-nigh a tradition that every aspirant for literary laurels who is too shallow-brained to produce anything of independent merit, may, by indulging his unbridled fancy during a summer's sojourn in Norway, gain an enviable distinction at his club, and moreover add to his name a faint aroma of authorship. The result of all this extravagant scribbling is, that Norway is to-day far less known, and more unfavorably known, than it deserves to be, and that regarding the national habits and characteristics, the most contradictory opinions find their way into our political

papers, magazines, and even into the text-books used in our schools.

Mr. Caton has evidently no theory to support about the peculiarities of Goth and Gaul, and, judging from the straightforward and unphilosophical way in which he relates what he saw and heard, we should say that he has never read Taine. He saw no drunkenness in Norway, he says, although he traveled from one end of the country to the other. He is clearly not aware that the Goth, from immemorial times, has got drunk, and that it must have been a deficiency in his eyesight if he did not discover that the Norwegians were drunk when he saw them. Again, at the country inns, where he and his party spent the nights, they had clean bed-linen, and the inhabitants whom they visited, with the exception of the Lapps, did not show any constitutional aversion to soap and water. Another lapsus linguæ; the uncivilized Goth has never been remarkable for cleanliness.

These statements, however, are very easily reconcilable with the accounts of Bayard Taylor and other travelers, whose observations seem to point in the opposite direction. It is a world-old tradition among the Norwegian peasantry that at weddings, funerals, and family festivals, it is quite respectable to be drunk; and at the fishing seasons, when great numbers of peasants are huddled together in miserable little sheds, and suffer from cold and wet, vast quantities of brandy are consumed; but, nevertheless, drunkenness is even then rare. The same observation was made some twenty years ago by Mr. Charles Loring Brace, whose book, "The Norse-Folk," is one of the best descriptions of Norway which we have ever read.

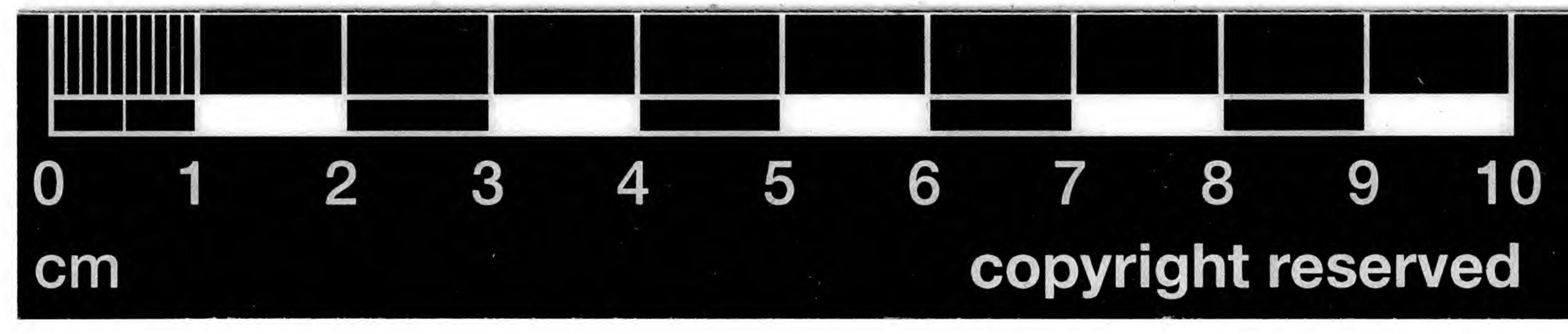
We have praised Mr. Caton's conscientious avoidance of hasty generalizations; but, in spite of his good intentions, his book is not altogether free from blemishes. On page 289, for instance, he speaks of fast and slow stations, translating the Norwegian adjective fast by its English cognate; the Norse word, however, is only equivalent to the English in the sense of fixed, and can never mean rapid. Again, he interprets the Norwegian adverb saa as meaning assent or approval, while, like the German so, it is merely expressive of attention, and indicates that the person addressed is listening. Once, during a ramble along the Alten River, the author comes across a monument of that class which the natives call a Bautasten, and here indulges in a vague historical reverie which shows his ignorance of the actual historical facts. We should, on the whole, wish that Mr. Caton had contented himself with Norway of to-day, which he saw and knew, without essaying an ambitious flight into the remote Saga world. His historical notes are full of errors, and their inaccuracy mars an otherwise valuable record of travel.

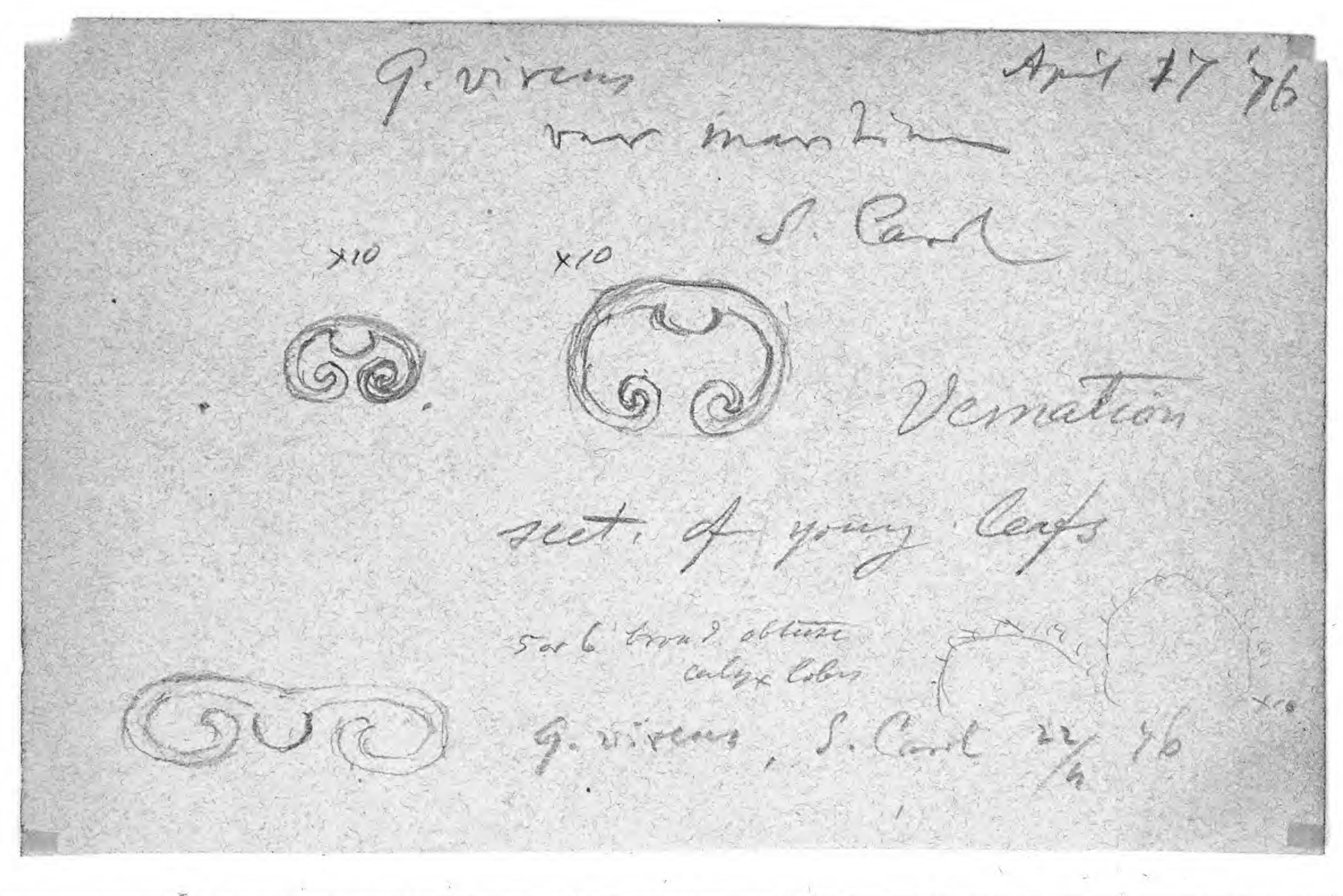
^{*}A Summer in Norway. With Notes on the Industries, Habits. Customs, and Peculiarities of the People; the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography, and Productions. Also an Account of the Red Deer, Reindeer, and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL.D., Ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

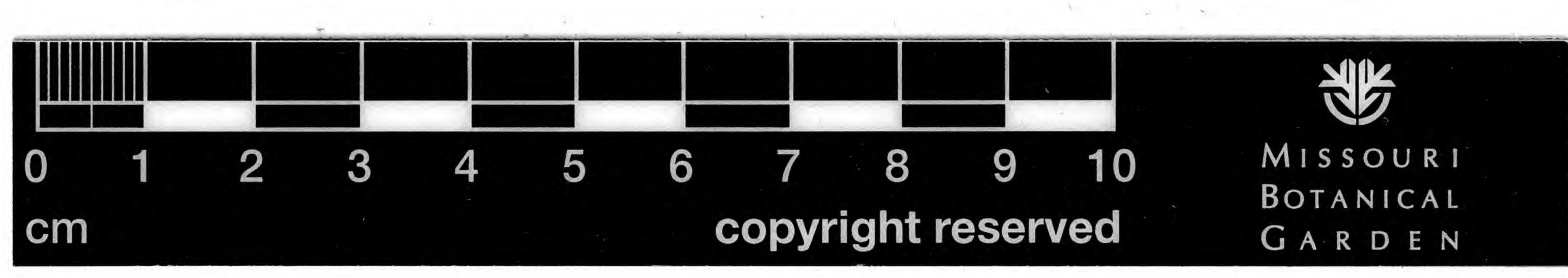
Jums nama wills has differed and smooth leaves 9. cinera van nana de may be this plat but miching gustatur on Jarrely leg correct as mish hur not Reen the plant but refer to Vanh 9 vivan van deutste Chape 421 must be our plant - but he says : leaver at leagth smooth, Such I have men deen

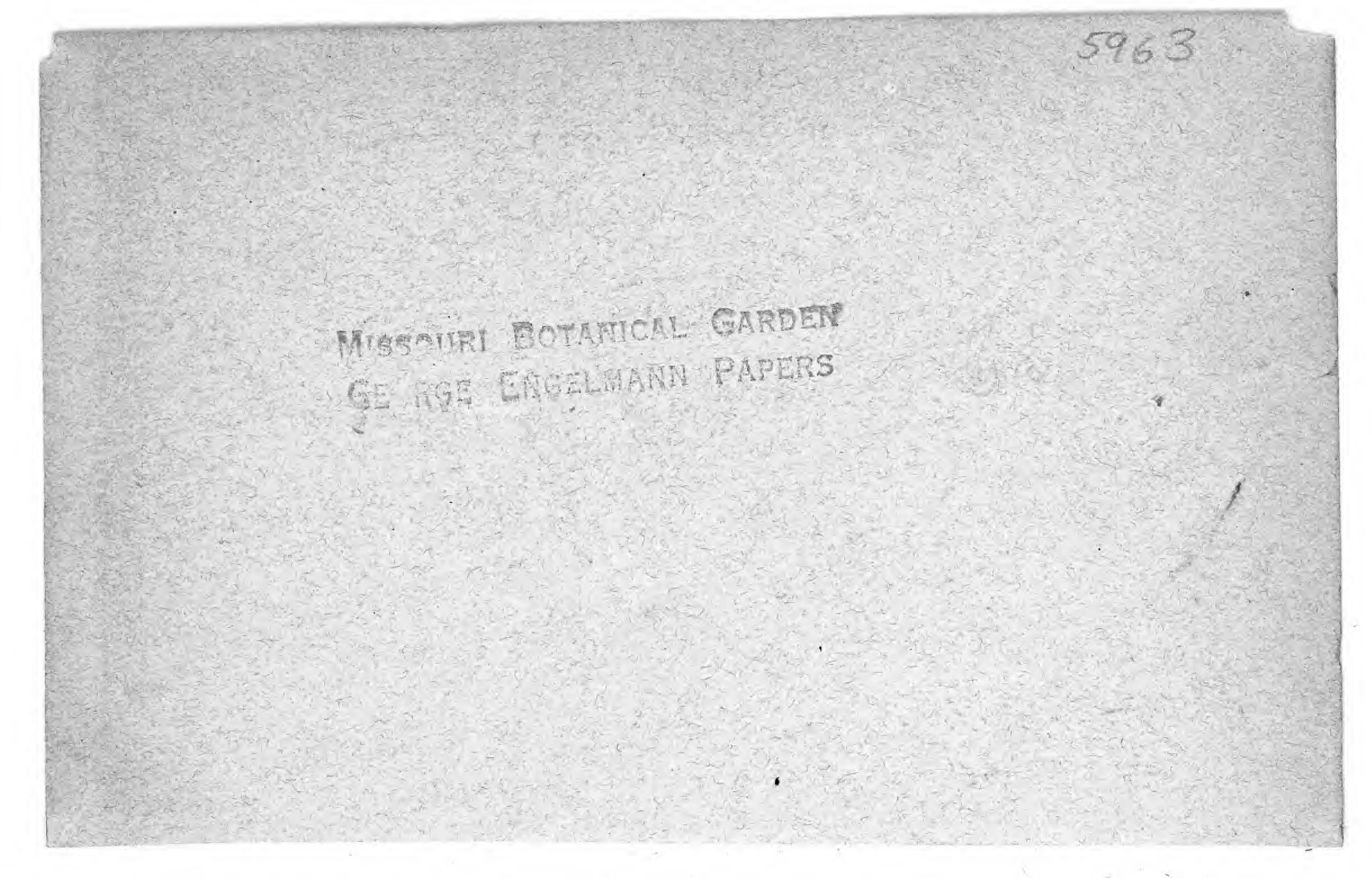
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 cm copyright reserved

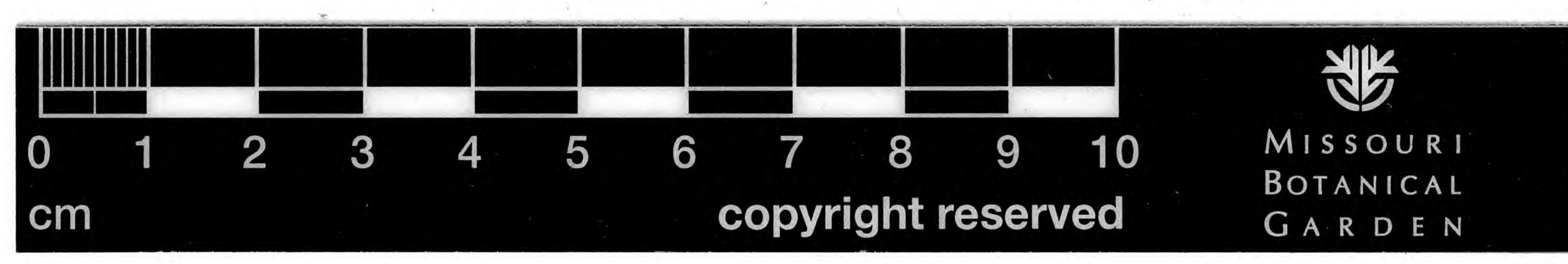
Trouble them purely anjone or South 2112 or sware, af sus 4 Bischoffi-11/1- Than in all of former of Them. Dr. Gray with included the much of thete. Frame

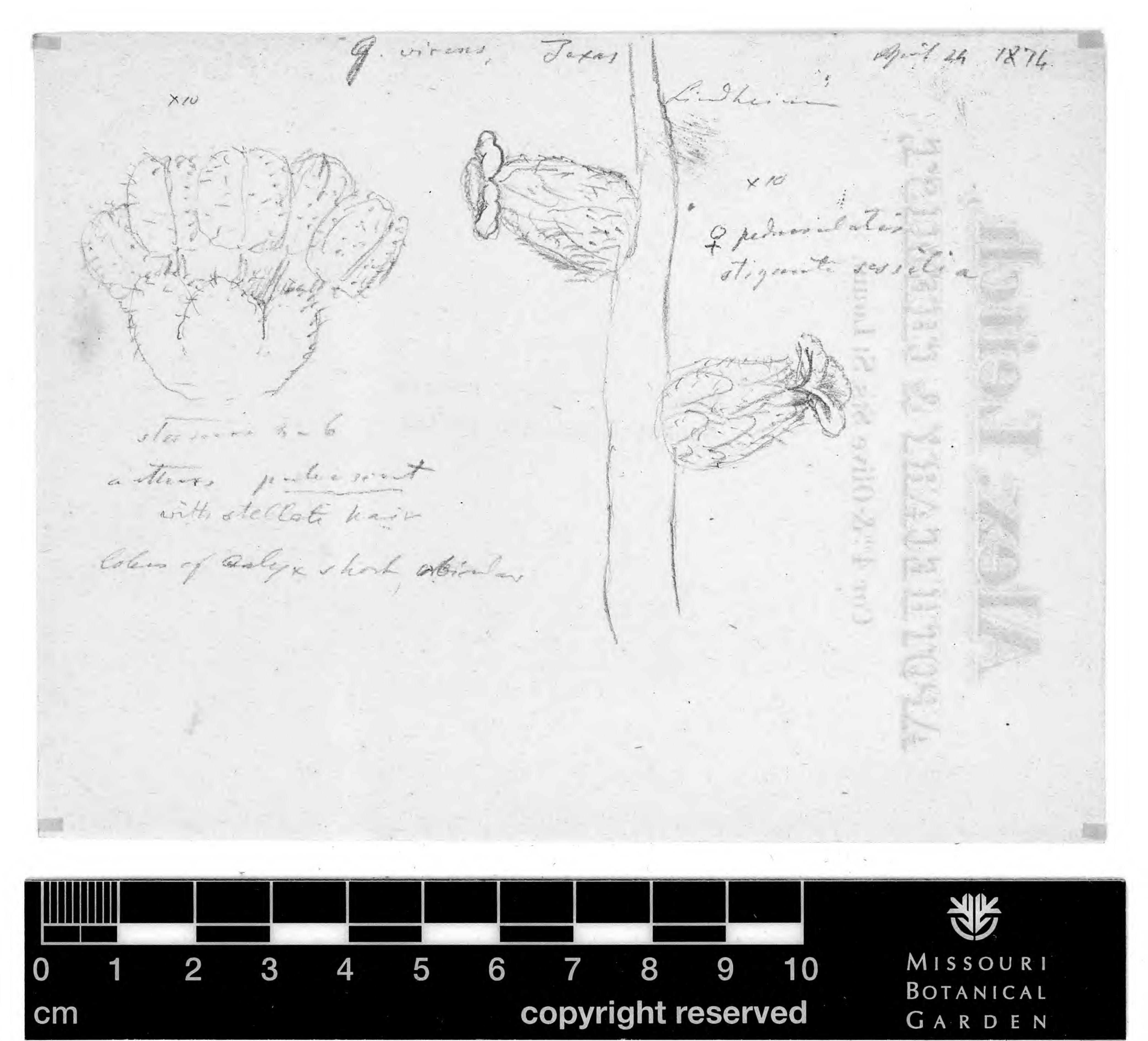












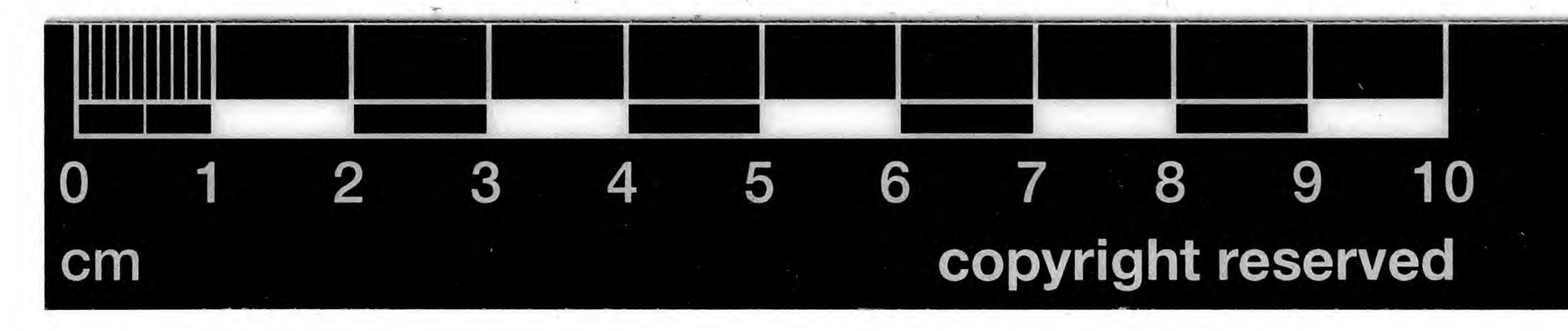
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

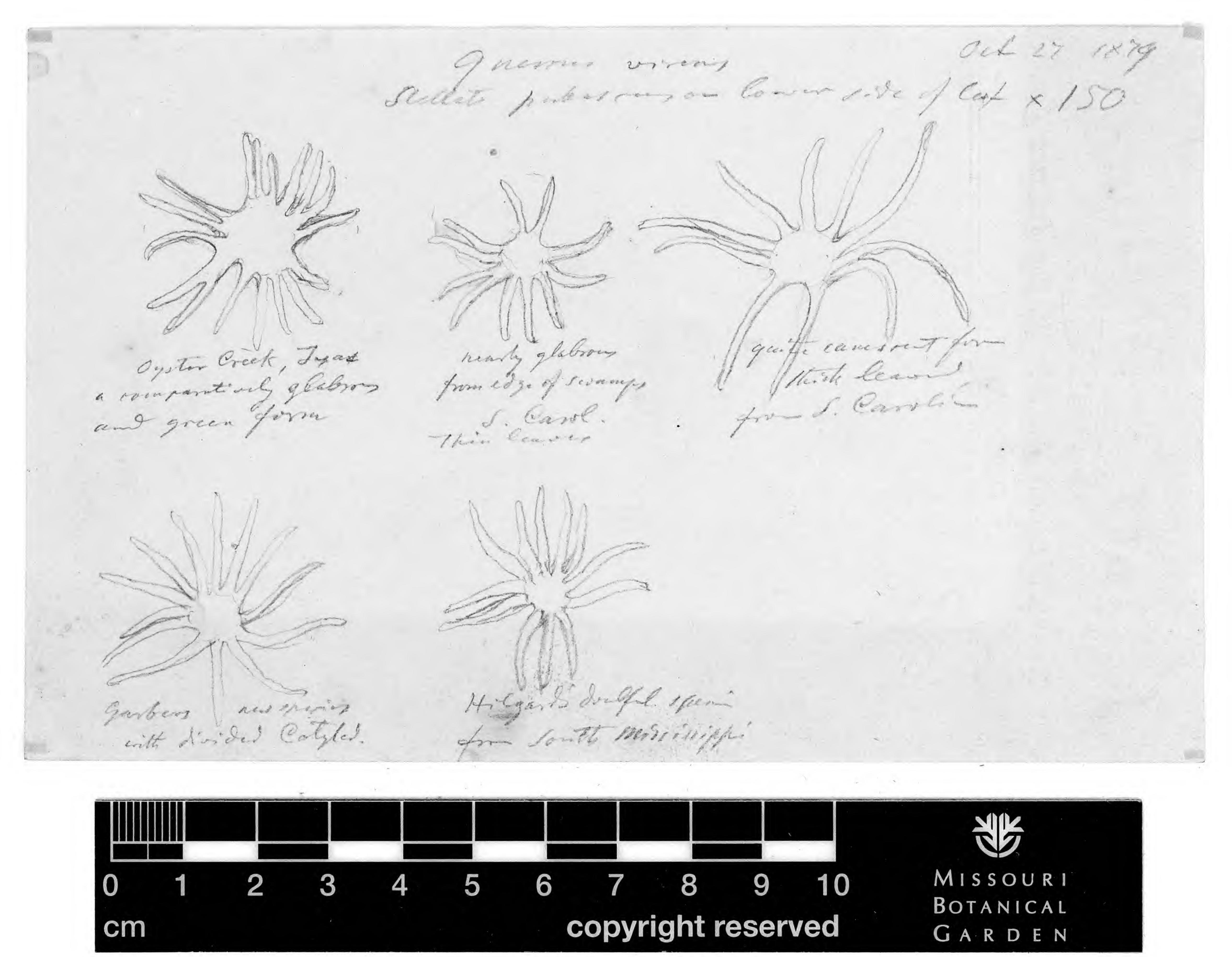


compadely MISSOURI BOTANICAL copyright reserved cm

GARDEN

M'GGAMRI BOTANICAL GARDEN GELRGE ENGELMANN PAPERS



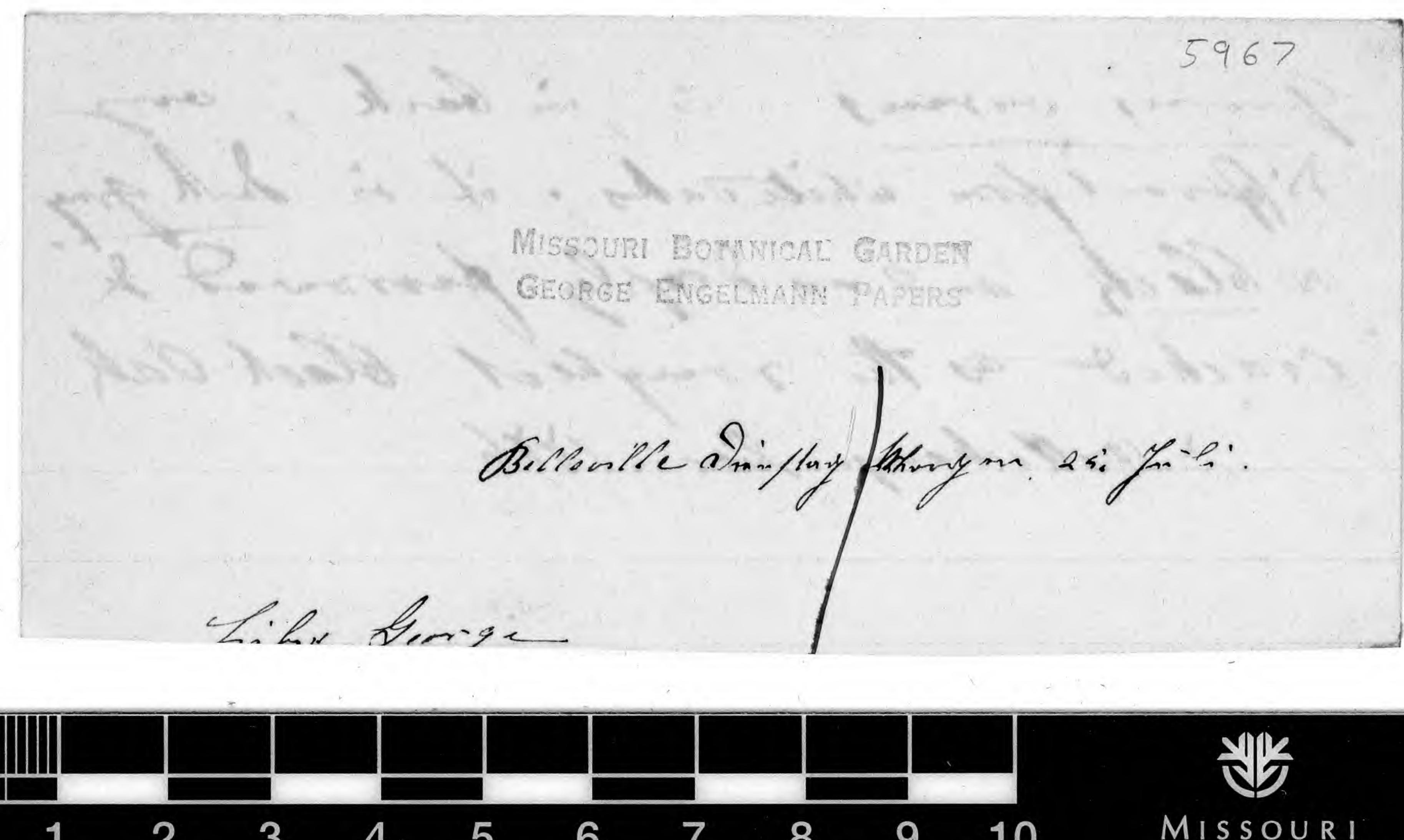


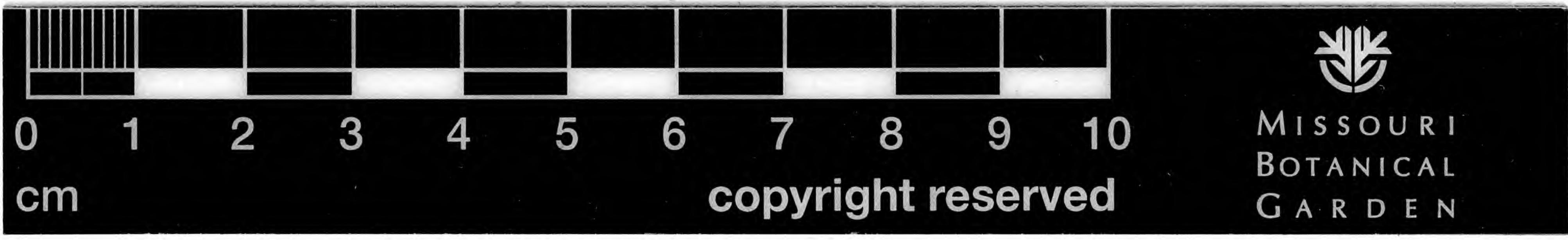
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS



Junes virens is in bank, on Different from white outs; it is shit gray wolleck and as deeply furrowed & Cracked as the gruphed black Oak & mellichangs Dec 1816







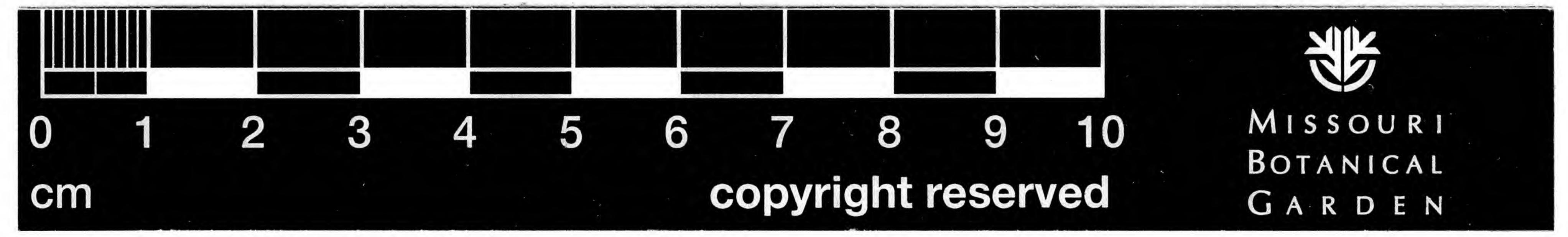
Jennes viras sur 1803 Michany R. D. An landy 9. when Ail.
1804 g. manification of manification of white yeart of Wills 1804 & Miche quest. 13. 1628 9. nam Will humili, fittion. Folis Algumbuis. 1818 Mutt. 9. mention lever off Toother 1824 Clesoft 9. markin weld. ("Phillos van huritina Michx")
1850 Chape. 9. vivors var mantina chy "g. mandina will") 4-10'

9 - van Intits chy "g. nana willo?") 1-2' hist

Juit sessile or short federal 9. Grand Wild (sex Panh) folis came formby gabris apor holding

for substitute of the Swans of mesonation retermed and one

(spray capala planinsonla capala substant) (new agenting the 9. mantinus wild polis perennentating convinces laurestatiquelegensing glabis boxi attenuatis aprir acutes accommates -- glade subsotus





notices are sent so long as a name remains on the list any member who intends withdrawing from the Association

THE THE STATE OF THE THE THE STATE MANAGET

will please give notice to that effect.

The names of new members cannot be incorporated in the list until the admission fee of \$5.00 and the

assessment of \$3.00 for the meeting at which the election took place have been paid.

The payment of the assessment of \$3.00 entitles the member to a copy of the volume of Proceedings

for the meeting corresponding to the assessment paid.

Any member may become a life member by the payment of \$50.00.

By vote of the Standing Committee at the Portland Meeting, members of the Association can obtain ten on the Association can obtain ten younge of the Proceedings at the rate of \$1.00 a volume. When less than ten are ordered, \$1.50 a volume must be paid. Orders will be received for the Proceedings bound in full cloth, at 50 cents a volume volume must be paid.

extra, or in half Turkey Morocco, marbled paper sides, at \$1.00 a vol. extra.

A few copies of the "Transactions of the Association of Geologists and Naturalists" (1 vol. 8vo, cloth) are

for sale at \$3.00 each.
The first number of the Memoirs of the Association (Fossil Butterflies, by S. H. Scudder), printed by Mrs.

The first number of the Memoirs of the Association (Fossil Butterflies, by S. H. Scudder), printed by Mrs. Thompson's donation, 100 pages, 4to, 8 cuts and 3 copperplates, can be had at \$2.00 a copy.

All payments must be made to the Permanent Secretary who will properly receipt for the same.
As the money due from members is very much needed for the publication of the Proceedings, you are

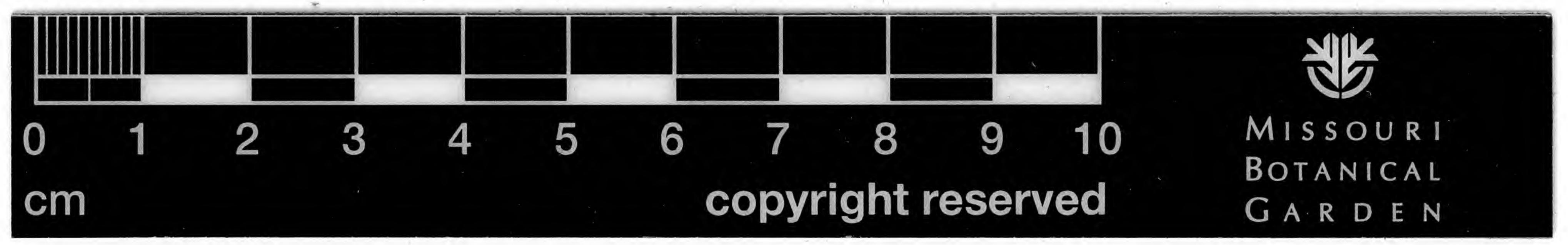
particularly requested to make an early remittance.

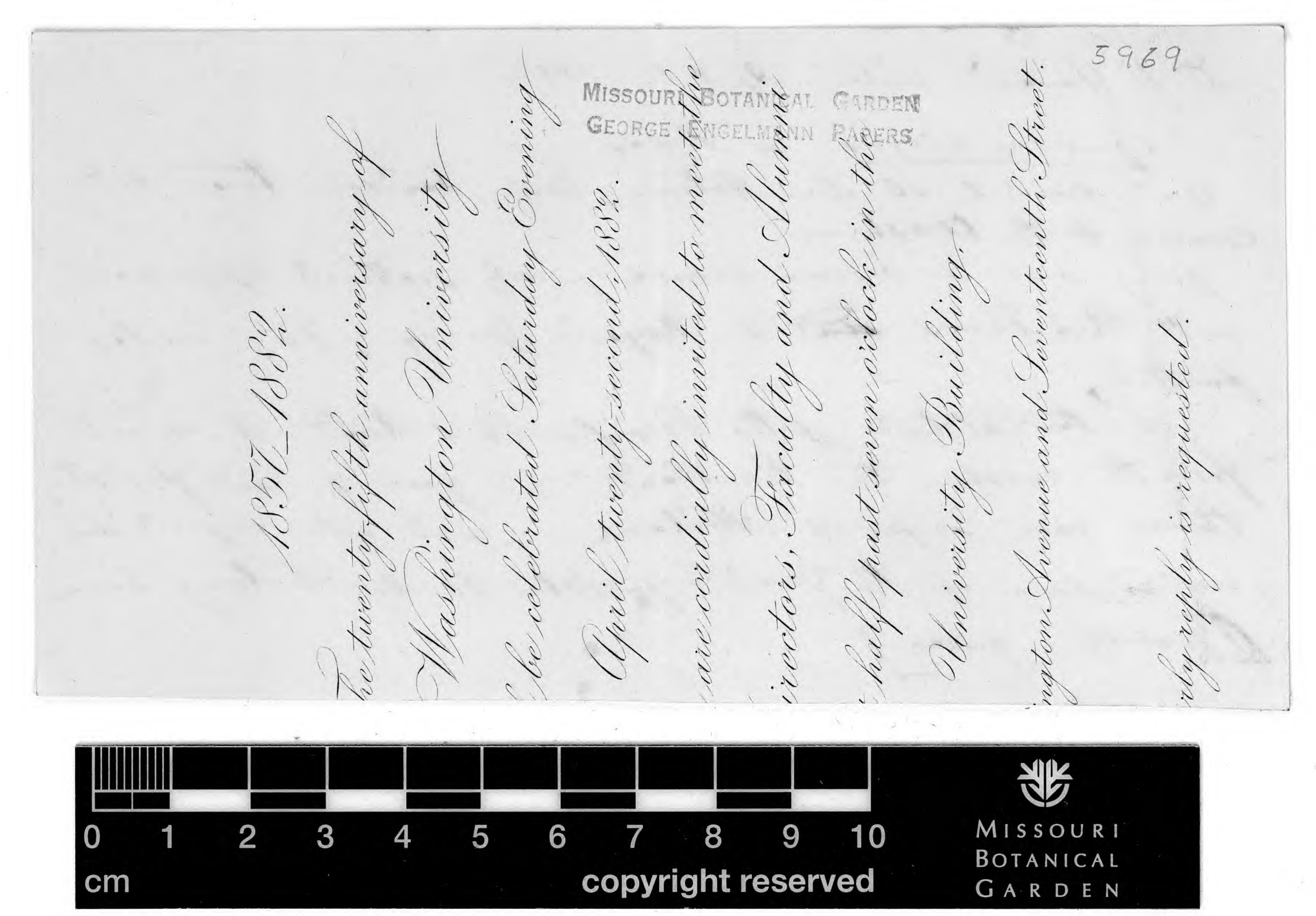
The assessment for the Buffalo Meeting can now be paid by those who desire, and a member's ticket for the meeting will be forwarded. The circular relating to the Buffalo Meeting, which will begin on Wednesday, August 23d next, will be issued so soon as the Local Committee have perfected a few arrangements now in progress.

'IN WILL ON THE BOTAMICA TIMES GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

76

De Havand writer April 15 1812 Jumy virons in Lyxus quite absended at San Antonio, large, handsome tree and Common to the Coast Joing west it berown source, only scattered sperment on to Rio Peros dat de Meyer's Spring, 75 miles The Catitude of the Parific Phail Award it extents from the coast to Eastland in groves and forests. there me star Abilene and at Regardite unless som of the Guardleye Mit Fond belong here [mobile = grisea]





In 1782, the Herr Rath died in his sev- | her correspondence with me, and commuenty-second year. For thirteen years the nicated to me his teachings through her Frau Rath lived alone in the Casa Santa nominally, at least, alone, for the stream of visitors was almost constant. "I am much more fortunate than Frau von Reck," she writes; "that lady must travel about in order to see Germany's learned men, they all visit me in my house, which is by far more convenient—yes, yes, those to whom God is gracious, He blesses in their sleep."*

Our visit to Goethe's early home terminates with the inspection of his own rooms on the fourth floor. We return to the consideration of what we have ventured to call the dramatis personæ of the home circle, and having already spoken of the father, we now come to the sister and the mother.

The relations between Goethe and his sister Cornelia were of the most intimate kind. There was but a year's difference in their ages, and they were often taken to be twins. They shared together the joys and sorrows of childhood, and no new experience was complete until communicated to the other. The brother's departure for the University of Leipsic was their first separation, and in Wolfgang's absence, Cornelia led a weary life. All the father's pedagogy was now exerted upon her. He left her no time for social pleasures or for associating with other young girls; an occasional concert was her only relaxation. Even the relation of mutual confidence between the brother and sister was entirely broken up, as all their letters passed through the father's hands. It was therefore not strange when Goethe returned home after an absence of nearly three years, that he found the father and daughter living in a state of almost open hostility, and was complaints, and of his mother's anxieties relates it: in her position of mediator and peacemaker. Of his sister Goethe writes:

"She had by turns to pursue and work at French, Italian, and English, besides which he (the father) compelled her to practice at the harpsichord a great part of the day. Writing also was not to be neglected, and I had already remarked that he had directed

pen. My sister was, and still continued to be, an indefinable being, the most singular mixture of strength and weakness, of obstinacy and compliance; which qualities acted, now united, and now separated, at her own will and inclination. Thus she, in a manner which seemed to me terrible, had turned the hardness of her character against her father, whom she did not forgive, because during these three years he had forbidden or embittered to her many an innocent pleasure, and she would acknowledge no single one of his good and excellent qualities. She did all that he commanded or directed, but in the most unamiable manner in the world; she did it in the established routine, but nothing more and nothing less; out of love or favor she accommodated herself to nothing, so that this was one of the first things about which my mother complained in a private conversation with me."

Cornelia seems to have inherited many of her father's traits of character, and the Herr Rath found his own inflexibility matched against the same quality, which had been transmitted to his child.

On Wolfgang's return from Leipsic the old confidential relations were resumed between the brother and the sister. All their thoughts and feelings were shared; Cornelia read his letters from his University friends, and went over with him his replies to them. These were the happiest days of Cornelia's life; they amount, deducting Wolfgang's absence for a year and a half at Strasburg, to about three years and a half. They are most interesting to us in connection with Cornelia's influence upon the production of himself made the confidant of his sister's "Goetz von Berlichingen," as Goethe thus

> "I had, as I proceeded, conversed circumstantially about it with my sister, who took part in such matters with heart and soul. I so often renewed this conversation without taking any steps toward beginning work, that she at length, impatient and interested, begged me earnestly not to be ever talking into the air, but once for all to set down on paper that which was so present to my mind. Determined by this impulse, I began one morning to write, without having first sketched out any draft or plan. I wrote the first scenes, and in the evening they were read to Cornelia. She greatly applauded them, yet qualified her praise by the doubt whether I should so continue; indeed she expressed a decided unbelief in

^{* &}quot;Já, já, wem 's Gott gönnt giebt er 's im Schlaf,"—an idiomatic phrase difficult to translate; a similar one, "Gott giebt es den Seinen im Schlaf" (God blesses his own in their sleep), is in frequent use in Germany. "Im Schlaf" is used to express anything that has been obtained without personal effort; for example, should any one become rich by inheritance or a sudden rise in values, the Germans would say, "Er ist reich geworden im Schlaf" (He has become rich in his sleep).

my perseverance. This stimulated me only | l'esprit et de la beauté de cette admirable the more. I went on the next day and the dame, car alors je serais une aimable fille; third; hope increased with the daily communications, and everything, step by step, gained more life as I became thoroughly master of the subject. Thus I kept myself uninterruptedly at the work, which I pursued straight onward, looking neither backward nor to the right or the left, and in about six weeks I had the pleasure of seeing the manuscript stitched."

Cornelia's memory is still further associated with her brother's first success by the discovery of her portrait sketched by Goethe in pencil on the margin of a proofsheet of "Goetz." A copy of it is given by Professor Otto Jahn in his collection of "Goethe's Letters to his Leipsic Friends." The resemblance to Goethe is strongly marked in the prominent nose, and, above all, in the large eyes, of which he wrote: "Her eyes are not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was unequaled." The face is interesting, but one that would be ordinarily classed among the very plain. Cornelia became early conthe conviction that no woman without personal beauty could expect to inspire any man with love. It does not seem to have occurred to her that mental accomplishments might make up for the lack of beauty. Probably she had little idea of her own mental qualities, the state of isolation in which she was brought up having deprived her of the means of comparing herself with other girls of her own age, and kept her in ignorance of her superiority—a superiority due, first, to her own mental powers, and, secondly, to her father's unflagging instructions. In her diary, which is given in Professor Jahn's book, she indulges at great length in these self-tormenting reflections. Hapless Cornelia! the world reads this diary, which was her one secret from her brother, and which she wrote in French, perhaps with the idea that, should it be mislaid, the foreign tongue would keep it secret from many. It is addressed to one of her female friends. She has been reading "Sir Charles Grandison," and thus gives utterance to her feelings in school-girl French:

"Je donnerais tout au monde pour pouvoir parvenir dans plusieurs années à imiter tant soit peu l'excellente Miss Byron. L'imiter? Folle que je suis; le puis-je? Je m'estimerais

c'est ce souhait que me tient au cœur jour et nuit. Je serais à blame si je désirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grace douce qui enchante au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant ça n'est pas et ne sera jamais, quoique je puisse faire et souhaiter; ainsi il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit et tâcher d'être supportable du moins de ce côté-là."

Further on:

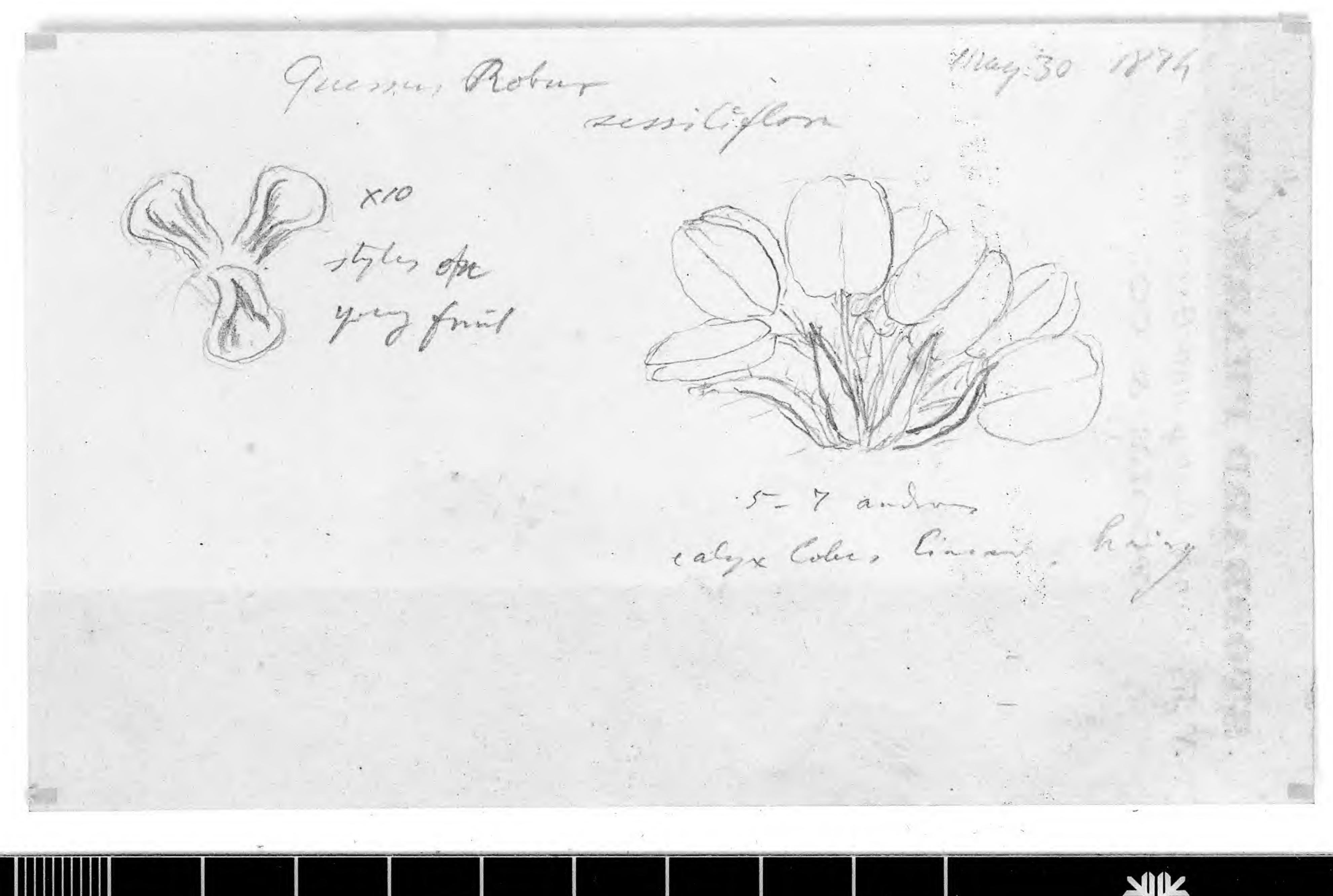
"Vous aurez déjà entendue que je fais grand cas des charmes extérieures, mais peutêtre que vous ne savez pas encore que je les tiens pour absolument nécessaires au bonheur de la vie et que je crois pour cela que je ne serai jamais heureuse. Epouserai-je un mari que je n'aime pas? Cette pensée me fait honeur et cependant ce sera le seul parti qui me reste, car où trouver un homme aimable qui pensât à moi? Ne croyez pas, ma chère, que ce soit grimace: Vous connaissez les replis de mon cœur, je ne vous cache rien, et pourquoi le ferais-je?"

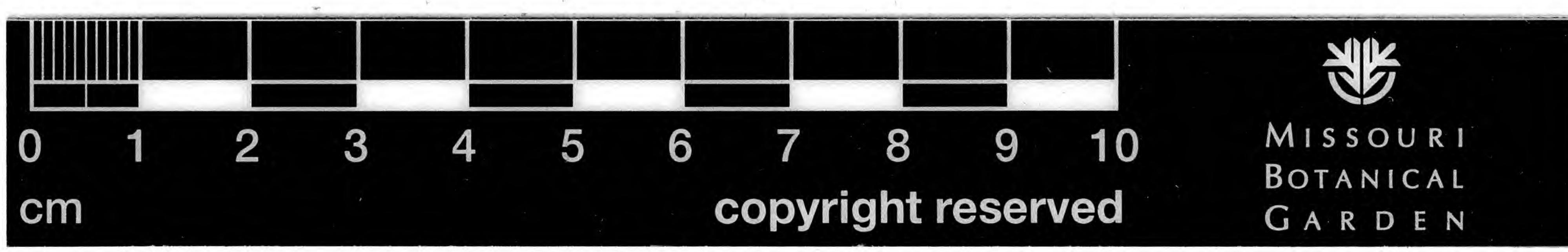
These words show by what sentiments she was actuated in accepting the hand of scious of this, and tormented herself with John George Schlosser. Her brother's absence at Strasburg had brought back again to her the wearisomeness of her home life. Goethe had now returned from Strasburg a Doctor-at-Law, but was soon to leave again for Wetzlar in continuation of his juristical studies, as marked out years before by his father. Cornelia saw the world opening to her brother, and felt that her only happiness was slipping from her grasp. Her life at home without Wolfgang was intolerable to her, and to escape from it she accepted the offer of marriage.

John George Schlosser was an early friend of her brother. He was ten years older than Goethe, and when he visited Leipsic during Goethe's stay there, the difference in age caused the latter to look up to Schlosser as in many respects his superior. Schlosser afterward edited a literary journal at Frankfort, to which Goethe contributed, and the intimate relations with the brother led to the

acquaintance with the sister.

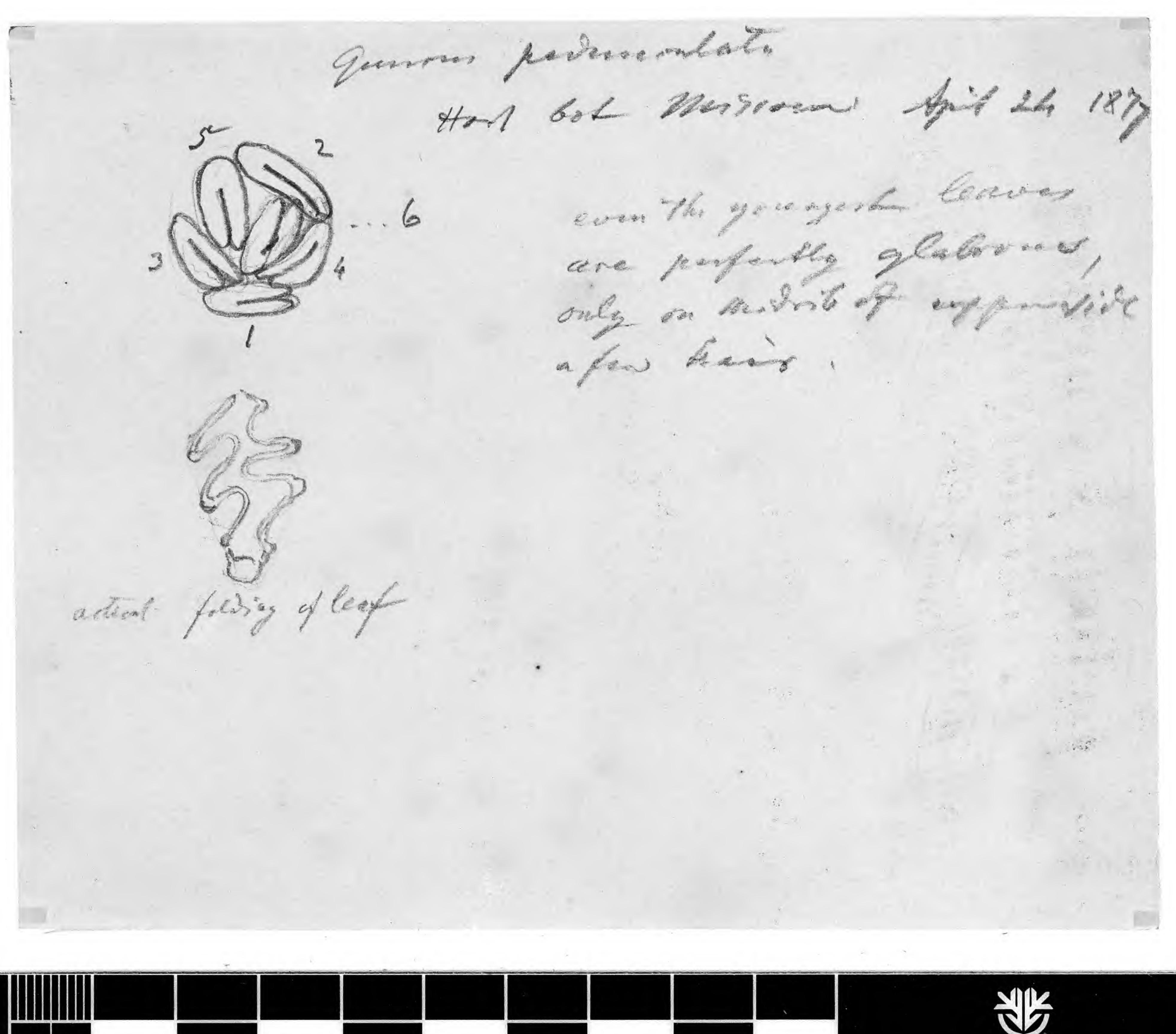
The bridegroom had been promised an appointment in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and expected to be placed at Carlsruhe, the capital. But hardly had the newly married pair reached Carlsruhe, when they learned that they were to reside in Emmendingen, a little village on the borders of the assez heureuse d'avoir la vingtième partie de Black Forest, where Schlosser was to fill the

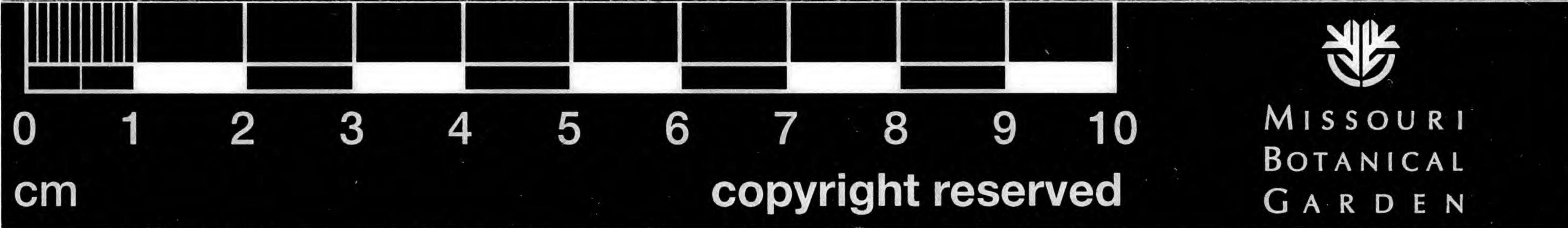




MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GE RGE ENGELMANN PAPERS









MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

